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THE NATIONAL FAST.

A SERMON,

PREACHED AT COLDWATER, MICH.,

JANUARY 4, 1861,

BY

REV. HORACE C. HOVEY.

Republican Print, Coldwater, Mich.

1861.

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Correspondence.

Rev. Horace C. Hovey—*Dear Sir:* We, the undersigned, believing the cause of Christianity, freedom and humanity would be served by a more extended circulation of the discourse delivered by you, in this village, on the occasion of the National Fast-Day —Jan. 4th, 1861—respectfully request a copy of said discourse for publication.

S. B. SMITH,
PLATT GILBERT,
W. W. BARRETT,
S. S. PECKHAM,
R. E. HALL,
D. H. DAVIS,
E. R. CLARKE,
S. GLESSNER,
C. E. SPRING,
H. C. SCOFIELD,
H. B. ROBINSON,
JAMES FISK.

Rev. S. B. Smith, Platt Gilbert, and others—*Gentlemen:* If in your judgment, the publication of the accompanying sermon will promote the cause of truth, it is at your service. No alterations have been made in the discourse, except such as were necessary to fit it for publication. Yours truly, HORACE C. HOVEY.

A SERMON.

Isaiah, 58: 5—8 —"Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?

Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?

Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thine house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily."

Though no uninspired lips can utter a discourse worthy of such a grand foundation; yet, God helping me, I shall endeavor faithfully to apply this portion of Divine truth to existing circumstances. In doing this, I cannot suffer myself to be hampered in any way; either by unfavorable precedents or by surrounding prejudices. If the whole truth is ever to be spoken boldly, now is the day and now is the hour. A careful study of the text, a glance at the dangers impending over our beloved land, and the perusal of that Proclamation which has called us together, combine to dispel forever from my mind, those mists that have been thrown around it by that class of theorists who would sedulously fortify the pulpit against encroachments from questions of social and political reform.

The discussion of such subjects, they have told me, is a desecration of the sacred desk. It is the minister's business to preach the gospel. He should confine himself to matters purely religious; leaving the forms of society and

government to be fashioned by lecturers and politicians. These allegations compel me to inquire into the

PROVINCE OF THE PREACHER.

They have necessarily, and deeply disturbed the mind of one, who having but recently entered the work of the ministry, stands at the gate of the Lord's vineyard, anxiously asking what labor he is called to perform. Surveying the broad land in which he dwells, he sees to his alarm, gigantic sins extending themselves to embrace in their unfriendly grasp, all classes of society and all departments of government, threatening the very life of the nation. Yet he is told that he must be silent concerning these evils, because they are of a *political* character.

He sees the demon, Alchohol, though apparently crushed again and again by the efforts of temperance organizations, rising anew, with additional strength, to grind beneath his heel the happiness, the hopes, the lives, and the souls of thousands. He longs to see him crushed by the iron grasp of the *law*. But this, he is assured has its *political* bearings, and therefore, his lips are to be sealed!

He sees, again, a strong and terrible system, binding millions of his fellow-beings in a cruel bondage—a system at war with every true interest of humanity and with every principle of religion. Yet he is told that the question touching the perpetuity of this system is of a *political* nature, and that silence respecting its wrongs is, for this reason, becoming the minister of the gospel.

Faith, love, peace, and inward piety, he is plainly informed, are the only topics on which he must dwell;—abstractions to which the Distiller and the Son of Temperance, the Slave-holder and the Abolitionist can listen complacently sitting side by side.

But *now*, on a day like *this*, I am constrained to ask if this silence is any longer right, on the part of one who is stationed as a Captain in the Christian army? "No! No!" I must indignantly exclaim; "The trumpet of the Lord is on my lips! Let me sound the *charge* to-day, with the hope that at some future day, I may be permitted, through the same trumpet to sound the notes of *Jubilee!*"

Where would the principle carry us, that no question of political reform is admissable in the pulpit? The aggressions of the defenders of slavery have increased until they have become alarming. A few years ago they agitated the minds of but a few friends of humanity. Most of us were taught to believe that African slavery in the United States, was an expiring evil; and we stood quietly by, to see the monster breathe his last. But now, the claims and clamors and menaces of those who support that system, cause our land to vibrate from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Because this agitation is so widely spread that it furnishes the chief topic of thought and conversation in all circles, must the ministry, *therefore*, assume a timid air, and cower behind a "wholesome dread of preaching politics?" God forbid! For if that be the case, all the Devil will have to do, when the discussion of *any* great moral question grows too hot for him, is to label it—"POLITICS!" If, before that magical word, the ministry must be dumb, we throw at once the whole power into the hands of the Adversary; for there is hardly any subject connected with religion that has not heretofore been, and may not hereafter be, intermingled with politics.

It will be granted by any one, who truly understands the province of the preacher, that he should in his pulpit ministrations rigidly abstain from all questions that are *purely* secular; for his sphere is the round of eternal verities. But when there arises, with regard to any subject, a discussion that has religious, as well as political bearings; a discussion that convulses church as

well as State; a discussion that affects the well-being of man in the next world as well as in this; when *such* a question arises, then the messenger of Him who "came not to send peace, but a sword;" is guilty if he does not make the world feel to the utmost whatever power God has given him.

It is the glory and perfection of Christianity, that its principles are such as permeate the whole life of man—individual, social, national. Christianity is a religion of particulars. No moral act is too trifling for its cognizance; none is so lofty as to transcend its sphere of jurisdiction. In establishing this holy religion, then, the minister should suffer no sin to be protected from his assault, because it is hoary with age, or because it is shielded by the great ones of earth. Nor is he to with-hold his cherishing hand from any virtuous cause, on account of its recent origin, or because it is despised and hated among men.

Sin—private, or public, individual, or national; sin—among the lofty or the lowly, the learned or the ignorant; sin—whether blushed at or gloried in; of any color, in any shape, occupying any position, *sin* is the adversary with which the Christian minister is to wage an uncompromising warfare until it is banished from the earth.

And, on the other hand, righteousness, in business and recreation, in the closet, and in the great assembly; righteousness, among the rulers and the ruled, in the social circle and on the political arena; *righteousness* everywhere and always, is that for which the minister of CHRIST is to labor and contend, until its dominion is established in every human heart.

Because it furthers so glorious a work, I hail this day.

In accordance with the President's Proclamation, the Christian people of these United States are now assembled, for no other purpose than to confess *all national sins*, and to invoke the Supreme Being for forgiveness, restoration to Divine favor, assistance, deliverance and protection.

Whatever the antecedents of this Proclamation may be, and whatever the motives leading to its publication, the document, in itself considered, will doubtless meet the approval of every careful reader. It is so judiciously worded that no man need be offended at its requirements, whatever may be the complexion of his political opinions. And yet, harmless as it seems, it may show itself to be the most "incendiary paper" ever issued in our country. It invites us to the free discussion of subjects hitherto interdicted. It invites us to confess our "national sins." Hence it will add fresh fuel to the flames of excitement.

The tremulous accents of the Proclamation present us moreover, with a pitiable picture of our Chief Magistrate. We see an imbecile old man wringing his hands, in the halls of the White House, instead of a *hero*, wielding his sword on the plains of South Carolina, where traitors are preparing the munitions of war. Thus the picture appears to the eyes of anti-slavery men at the North, and of pro-slavery men at the South. One class of men only, view it in a different light—viz, the *pro*-slavery men of the *North!* Oh! with what different emotions should we conform to the terms of a proclamation like this, had it only been preceded by such a proclamation as that manly one, issued by another President in a similar exigency! Had President BUCHANAN ventured on some bold measure kindred to that which JACKSON adopted on the 11th of Dec. 1832, first clearly defining the relations existing between the several States and the General Government; showing with the utmost lucidity, that *secession* is but the synonym of *treason;* and then shaking the thunderbolts of *war* over the heads of the daring rebels; and, finally, spreading the arms of paternal affection, and bidding the disobedient children return to the bosom they had wounded—oh! then, as the happy issue of such righteous boldness, we might now be feasting at the table of Thanksgiving, instead of wearing sack-cloth, and sprinkling our heads with ashes!

And yet—I repeat it—*I hail this day*! It bids us look our national sins in the face;—a thing we never yet have honestly and fairly done.

The language of the Proclamation touching this point is clear enough:—"Let us, with deep contrition, and penitent sorrow, unite in humbling ourselves before the Most High, in confessing our individual and national sins, and in acknowledging the justice of our punishment." But the President specifies none of the "national sins," with a single exception. He exhorts us to "implore God to remove from our hearts that *false pride of opinion*, which would impel us to persevere in wrong for the sake of consistency, rather than yield a just submission to the unforseen exigences by which we are surrounded." This exhortation is thoroughly Janus-faced. It looks Northward and Southward at once. If it means, as from some other man it might, that the men of the South are to yield prompt allegiance to a constitutionally elected President, even though his views are adverse to their own, then it meets our hearty approval. But it is viewed by us all with detestation, if it is intended to instruct a victorious party—a party that has been struggling, too, for the maintenance of cherished principles, to lay aside, at the bidding of traitorous secessionists, the laurels so recently won. But the language of the exhortation is ambiguous. It may have either signification, according to the standpoint of the man who reads it. Taken in connection with the antecedents of the President, it would seem intended to *awe* into submission and silence, those who cannot otherwise be induced to respect the existing Administration, or to favor the institution to which that Administration lends its support.

We are urged to fast on account of our "national sins;" yet those sins are not specified. We have no alternative, therefore, but to make our own specification. *What then, are the most prominent of our national sins?*

I. Vanity.

While I would decry our national vanity, no one will understand me to speak disparagingly of that honest admiration of our native land, which is ever becoming to the patriot. Would that we had a still higher appreciation of the capabilities of this young republic and of the glorious destiny which may even yet, be hers! But *vanity* differs from this noble consciousness of power.

Even those, in the old world, who admire our greatness, ridicule our notorious vanity. We have been so often assured that "The future is with us," that we have come to think that "future" *present*. Our capabilities have been mistaken by us for actual attainments. We have laughed our advisers to scorn, when they have warned us that we had in our bosom the elements of destruction, as well as those of development and growth. *Romanism*, and *slavery*, the grand obstacles to American progress, have been persistently considered by us as only trivial impediments. These, and other difficulties in our path, have been lightly brushed aside by us, in our vain-glorious parade; and we have esteemed it a fore-gone conclusion that young America was to usher in the millenium several hundred years before the time originally designated in the programme of the Universe!

Thus we have boasted and gloried, and swelled ourselves with pride, until a general humiliation became necessary. And it has *come*! We are exhorted to it in the President's proclamation. But I trust and pray that no deeper disgrace may be in store for us than that already inflicted. The work of humbling would seem to have been thoroughly done.

But lately, the whole vocabulary of high-sounding terms, was exhausted in self-laudation. Where now are those eloquent boasters? How quickly their voice is hushed! Recently we saw them sailing sunward with their silken balloon swelled into symmetry by idle fancies, until it seemed in its gilded

glory almost another sun. But *now*, the toy is punctured by the sword of secession, and the braggarts, clinging to the cordage, await the crash!

In a day like this, when there is enough to alarm and humble even the sober patriot, there should be enough to silence forever all idle boasters. Let us repent, then, of our national vanity! Let us most sedulously cultivate *just* views of the part we are playing in the Tragedy of Nations. If the Master has given us important work to do, as a nation, in demonstrating the practicability of a republican form of government, let us not forget that such a work should be prayerfully undertaken, and seriously prosecuted, with all holy meekness, conjoined with righteous firmness. Our government is of but recent origin. It is but an experiment, which may fail—which *will* fail, unless carried through with a steady hand, a clear head and an honest heart. Away then with *vanity*, which renders the hand vacillating, the brain inconstant and the heart corrupt! Humbly, quietly, but faithfully and zealously, let us toil, waiting for our glory till it is bestowed by the King of Kings.

Another of our national sins consists in cherishing a

II. Party Spirit.

It is natural for men to seek the preservation of their rights, and the accomplishment of their purposes, through the formation and maintenance of parties. It is vain to denounce the association of man with man. We have all found out the truth of the proverb: "In union there is strength," and we recognize it in every department of life. Beginning with those family ties, which Nature herself has woven, we stretch forth the arms of our sympathy to embrace our fellow-men in the church, the neighborhood, the county, the State, the national party and the nation itself. And when the whole sisterhood of nations on earth shall have found common moral, social and political ground, so that they can be united into one grand, ecumenical congress, the family of man will still find it true that "In union there is strength."

It will not, then, be understood that I am speaking now against this natural love of association. I am but denouncing its lamentable perversion.

It is wrong for an individual to put forth efforts in behalf of any but righteous ends. This is admitted on all hands. Why not say the same of *parties*, which after all are only associations of individuals? If a party seeks the attainment of unholy ends, is not every individual guilty who lends that party his intelligent support?

I advance three general propositions, confident that they will recommend themselves at once to you all.

1st. A party espousing *bad* principles, is an instrument fit for Satanic uses.

2nd. A party with *no* principles is an absurdity.

3rd. A party with *righteous* principles, is adapted to promote the happiness of men and the glory of God.

Hence, if there is (as we all believe) a Power in Heaven that controls the destiny of nations, the *first* party will be sure to fail in the end; the second party will be still-born; the third party will ultimately be triumphant over all opposition. But ordinary partisans do not look for the principles on which their party is founded. Gazing, too constantly, at the gorgeous colors, that wave over the temple of their idolatry, they stumble into dangerous pitfalls.—Such men are to be found in all parties—men who look at the party-flag instead of the party-principles. There are thousands, for example, in the Democratic party, who would shout for joy, were slavery, to-morrow, to be swept away forever. And on the other hand, there are thousands, it is to be feared, in the Republican party who would consent to become holders of slaves, if they thought it would be for their pecuniary interest. Such attach themselves to the party, whichever it may be, by mistake, or from love of gain and power;

or because their fathers or their friends have rallied around its banner. They remain in it, ofttimes, long after being convinced of their error, merely because of certain false notions of consistency, which prevail. *Consistency* is an admirable virtue; but none is more thoroughly misunderstood.

False consistency relates to *time;* true consistency to *character*. False consistency requires a harmonious life; true consistency, a harmonious soul. False consistency is horizontal; true consistency is perpendicular. False consistency demands that, when a man has once taken his position in social, literary, political or religious life, he should never grow wiser, or better; true consistency is the result of such moral growth. False consistency is forever recurring to precedents: true consistency ever points to principles.

A man, therefore, who is *truly* consistent, will never make it his boast that he has "always voted a straight ticket;" he never will shout: "The party right or wrong;" he never will adopt as his motto: "Rule or ruin!"

To party-spirit is, in a great measure, attributable the present unhappy commotion and disturbance of our beloved land. Party-spirit makes men deaf to argument, remonstrance and entreaty. It inclines them to perverseness and malevolence, to fraud and to violence. While it has sought, by intimidation, to silence the voice of the patriot and the philanthropist, it has led, through the paths of misrepresentation and falsehood, to distrust and fear, to bitterness and reviling, to threats and challenges. God grant that it may not lead to permanent disrupture, amid the atrocities of civil war.

While my whole soul glows in sympathy with the anti-slavery sentiment which is now so rapidly spreading through the land, I most earnestly deprecate that unchristian spirit of impatience and wrath, so often its concomitant. Let us be patient—let us be kind! *True christian love* is the only alkahest that can dissolve, simultaneously, the fetters of iron encircling the limbs of the slave, and the fetters of prejudice encircling the soul of his master.

And on the other hand, I denounce, (and I know that you will all join in the denunciation)—I denounce the spirit of *insubordination*—also engendered by party-strife—which would recklessly abandon the only safe basis of associated action; viz, the rule establishing the *legitimately expressed will of the majority as law*. Desert that solid rock, and you must either permit the minority to rule, (despotism); or you must resolve society into its constituent elements, (anarchy.)

Men become so blindly attached to party, that they are even made willing, in certain exigences, to take that suicidal step, which if followed, would shatter *all* parties, nations, communities, and even families, leaving each individual standing by himself, very independent, and very insecure. This would be the situation of mankind, were all to exercise that boasted right of secession, now so loudly advocated by irritated and disappointed aspirants after power. Look at South Carolina, for example. She claims the right to secede from the Union. She exercises that supposed right. She abhors those who would force from her an unwilling submission to the will of the majority. In adjusting her plans for future operations, as an independent State, she will be singularly fortunate, if entire unanimity is secured among her citizens, respecting the numerous perplexing and novel questions that necessarily will arise. Suppose there should be dissension. A minority oppose the will of the majority. So they in turn secede from South Carolina. Are they not justified by the same course of argument which was laid down by the State itself, in justification of *its* secession from the United States? Minorities might thus continue to secede from majorities, until all the individuals, composing that fiery little Dominion had seceded from each other, and stood in a position of Ishmaelitish alienation.

Such is the legitimate result of exercising party-spirit, contracting the limits

of co-operation until finally the party, the nation, the State, the community, the very family is swept away.

Let us no longer trust ourselves on the impetuous torrent of party prejudice and passion, that rushes out to the boisterous ocean of anarchy, where the uprising, *living* billows meet, only to dash each other down again. Nor let us seek to stay the torrent, by casting in the shifting sands of compromise.

Calmly, patiently, faithfully let us discharge our civil, political and religious duties, guided by the star of eternal Truth. If our Lord is with us, we are safe. What though parties fall, and nations crash and disappear, it is better with CHRIST in the ship, to ride amid the storm, than without him, to sail over tranquil but treacherous seas

Another national sin, which we should abandon and repent of, is

III. LUST FOR DOMINION.

Ever since the birth of this nation, a desire has been prevalent among its citizens, to see its borders enlarged—not so much for the sake of extending more widely the benefits of our free government, as for the pupose of swelling national pride.

This lust for dominion has been gratified thus far, to an extent almost, if not quite, commensurate with our opportunities. And still there are thousands in our land, to whose ambitious minds no map can seem correctly drawn, which does not make the boundary line of the United States identical with that of the North American continent.

Hence, the purchase of Louisiana in 1803; hence, the annexation of Texas, and the ensuing Mexican War, issuing in the treaty of 1848, whereby vast regions, occupied by a turbulent population were added to the American Republic. Hence, the expedition against Cuba, in 1850, under the command of Gen. LOPEZ. Hence the ill-starred Nicaraguan invasion, of more recent date. Hence, many projected enterprises, equally as grasping and venturesome, but never reaching maturity.

Could we know how much treasure has been lost, how much blood has been shed, how many homes made desolate, how many wives made widows, and children left fatherless, by these iniquitous developments of the lust for dominion, we should bow down our heads in sorrow and confess that we deserved punishment, from a just GOD.

But, wherefore, my fellow-countrymen, should we desire to extend more widely the boundaries of our already gigantic dominion? Consider, first, the greatness of the territory already possessed. Unable to grasp in thought the whole at once, we are obliged to look at a *portion* by itself.* Measure the twelve Western and North-Western States, and you will find that they cover an area of about 967,364 square miles. But these figures convey no very definite idea. Let me say, then, that this territory of which I am speaking, is larger than that included within the limits of Great Britain, Ireland, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium and Germany. Twelve States here larger than twelve nations there.

So much for the *extent* of the West. Its capabilities for supporting a dense population can hardly be exaggerated. It is a beautiful land, of hill and dale, forest and prairie, lake, river and mountain All the riches that nature can pour from her bountiful lap, are here to be found in lavish profusion. Contrast now its actual number of inhabitants with that of the European nations referred to, and you will find that they have seventeen times as many as we. Hence it follows, since our soil is fresher and richer than theirs, that it is no exaggeration to affirm, that where one man is now living in the West, seven-

*The *material* for these calculations is supplied by the Annual Reports of A. H. M. S. and Ungewitter's "Europe." Kansas and Nebraska are included in this estimate.

teen men can live! There is room, in fact, according to these calculations, for about 140,000,000 more, to live in these Western States in addition to the 10,000,000 already here. In order to bring these figures down still nearer to our powers of comprehension, let us compare our own State with any of the European nations. Michigan is considerably more than *twice* as large as Holland and Belgium. Yet she has but one fifteenth the number of inhabitants. We could give homes, then, to *thirty* times as many human beings as are now within our State borders, and still be no more crowded than the inhabitants of Holland and Belgium.

These are facts worthy of our earnest consideration. They are known beyond the waters of the wide Atlantic, and the starving millions of the Old World are seeking homes in the New. Hither they are coming like a mighty flood!

Welcome! ye children of other lands! Welcome, to a home in ours!—Welcome, to partake with us of the riches of these fertile prairies, and these gigantic forests! We will share with you the benefactions of a kind Providence.

Yet, my fellow countrymen, it behooves us to remember that, for the most part, these incoming millions are not *educated* for liberty, and it will require all our wisdom, firmness and fidelity to give them the boon they ask.

This work of development and control is enough for us now. Let us before attempting to enlarge our dominion, seek to rule well that which we have.—Our nation is already a giant in *size:* it is time for it to become a giant in *strength*. The bones, muscles and sinews of our SAMSON need hardening and toughening—and more important even than this, *it remains to give direction to the employment of his mighty energies*. For this, there is a struggle between the Spirit of Liberty and the Spirit of Bondage. It is still to be determined whether this giant is to smite down the hosts of error by the thousands, or is to grind in the prison-house, bound and blind, the sport of Philistines! The contest, begun years ago, is now becoming more and more violent, and it must be *settled*, before we can safely increase the domains which we already govern with so much contention and trouble.

The train of thought naturally introduces the subject of

SLAVERY.

It is introduced as an element in this fiery contest of which we are now reaping. Praised be God! it need not be included in the catalogue of those national sins for which we are, this day, to repent. It is no longer national, constitutional, and those who commit it, and those who keep it in countenance, are the ones who are called on to repent of the wrongs it brings in its train.* Do the Southern gales waft to our ears the [illegible] and penitential sighs of those who have laid the yoke of bondage on the unoffending race? Ah, no! Still upon those breezes are borne to us the rankling of fetters, the crack of the overseer's whip, the sob of the slave!—And lade they are laden with strange threats and malignant curses, which convince us that, since slavery has ceased to be a national *sin*, it has become a national *jest!*

In the year of our Lord 1620, two seeds from foreign shores were planted on American soil: and those seeds are now bearing fruit after their kind.—In that year "A Dutch ship, from Africa, arriving at Jamestown, a part of her cargo of negroes was purchased by the colony. And this was the commencement of Negro Slavery in the United States." In the same year, a

*This rejoicing may seem premature. It is not meant that we have said *all* that we ought to say on the bearing of this sin; nor that we have done *all* in our power to remove it from the land. Yet we have *begun in the right direction*. If the initiatory steps are faithfully followed up, it will not be long before the entire responsibility for the further continuance of slavery rests on the South alone.

band of Pilgrims, landing on Plymouth Rock, "assumed for the first time, the grand principle of a voluntary confederacy of independent men; instituting government, for the good, not of the governors, but of the governed."

Early in the history of our country these two forces—Slavery and Liberty—came into collision. Compromise on compromise has been made, between these mortal foes, by men afraid to meet the issue at once, and preferring to hand it down to their children—a baleful legacy! For *our day* it has been reserved to witness the final struggle.

It is now begun;—a struggle unaccompanied, as yet, by the clangor of the war-trumpet, and the booming of cannon;—yet a struggle in which the same principles, the same hopes, the same liberty are at stake, as were involved in that *other* conflict, wherein our fathers expended their treasure and their blood. The burning enthusiasm that leaped through the veins of Revolutionary heroes, is glowing still in the hearts of many of their sons.

The *immediate* cause of the trouble raging through our land has been alluded to, viz: by refusing to adopt slavery as a national *sin*, we make it a national *foe*. The majority of the people of these United States, with extraordinary composure and dignity, as though aware that they were acting under the gaze of the world and of God, have decided, at the ballot-box, that as a nation, we will no longer be held responsible for the sin of slavery. We have said to the South: "Retain your slaves if you will! Catch them, if you can, when they escape! But ask us not to aid you in planting the Upas tree on the virgin soil of new territories. We are determined to plant, wherever we lawfully can, the fair tree of gospel Liberty—twin sister to that "Tree of Life," whose leaves are "for the healing of the nations."

The warm blood of Southern men boils in their veins. They rage, they storm, they precipitate the country, as rapidly as possible, into the horrors of civil war. And the only *truthful* reason assigned for all this is, that "the North proposes to force them into emancipation by surrounding them with a cordon of free States." Hence they rebel. They will not be led to emancipate their slaves, and whatever looks to that end is hated by them.

Heretofore the Southern men have opposed "political preaching." But now they are right on that point.* Ministers of the Gospel are to be found in the foremost ranks of the secessionists. The eloquent PALMER, of New Orleans, hesitates not to avow the true position of both the North and the South. Of the former, he truthfully says: "A whole generation has been educated to look upon the system (of slavery) with abhorrence as a national blot. They hope, and look, and pray for its extinction within a reasonable time, and cannot be satisfied, unless things are seen drawing to that conclusion." Of the South, and its relations to slavery, he says: "We, on the contrary, as its constituted guardian, can demand nothing less than that it should be left open to expansion, subject to no limitations, save those imposed by God and nature." These are the words of one of America's most distinguished divines, and they may be taken as the key-note of the tune that Southerners now are playing as they prepare for battle.

The North is wedded to Freedom; the South is wedded to Slavery. And all men, of all parties, are beginning to see that, between these two elements, there is indeed an "Irrepressible Conflict."

There is, perhaps, pusillanimity enough still at the North, to make a compromise acceptable, were not the South exacting beyond precedent. The only compromise to which the Slave States will listen, is one that will disgrace the

*And so are pro-slavery men at the North—*provided*, the sermon advocates their own sentiments; otherwise they are bitter as ever in their opposition. Hear them praise the sermons of PALMER, VAN DYKE, *et id genus omne.*

Nation forever, by committing it in favor of the propagandism of an institution which they abhor.

And it is well! Compromise would only *postpone* the final day of settlement. It might as well come *now* as ever! The question can never be settled more easily than now. It is continually becoming more and more complicated.

There are but *two* methods of final settlement possible; the terms of which are thus stated by Hon. ABRAHAM LINCOLN: "*Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction: or its advocates will push it forward, till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.*"

Quietly, peaceably, by a lawful use of the ballot-box, on the 6th of November, 1860, the North have decided that the *former* shall be the method of settlement. Violently, by threatenings, by intimidation, by an appeal to arms, the South propose to force the *latter* method upon an unwilling nation.

Slavery is doomed, if the North will but adhere to its chosen and cherished principles of freedom. Distinguished advocates of that institution assure us and their followers, that it cannot exist ten years, if the Northern policy is adopted and developed.

In the Union, or out of it, then, the South will find itself constrained, not by arms necessarily, but by the mysterious force of Almighty Justice, and Truth, to relinquish its hold upon an oppressed race. This event will occur speedily, if the friends of humanity and Christian patriots are faithful to their trust. If they are otherwise, slavery will ultimately extend over the whole Union, and the entire country will be as unhappily situated as a portion of it now is. The deliverence of the slave, is only a question of time. It will certainly come sooner or later.

Suppose all the Slave States secede, and organize a Southern Confederacy. It will be bounded on the north by a free nation, far more powerful than Canada: and that nation will, when the time comes, have the most intense hatred of slavery. To use the language of a Kentucky planter: "The blue hills of Indiana would be Canada. Secession, sir, brings Canada in sight of my plantation!"

Made effeminate by a life of luxury; thoroughly intermingled with a race of men whose better feelings they have outraged in a thousand different ways, and whose minds they have excited by foolish falsehoods respecting the plans and wishes of anti-slavery men; and above all, disturbed by the forebodings of a guilty conscience, the Slave States are beginning to fear for themselves the terrible fate of San Domingo. With good reason may they fear it if they continue to grasp after irresponsible power. *Sic semper tyrannis*—the motto of Virginia—contains a lesson which every Southern State should learn. It is no part of the divine plan, that wrong and oppression should achieve a final triumph.—The wisest thing the Southern States can do, is to remain in the Union, accede to the will of the majority, and by facilitating the speedy emancipation of the slaves, relieve themselves and us from disturbance and peril. But far different are their present intentions.

See how madly they are seeking to alienate from themselves the feelings of the North! No pains are taken to conciliate us, none are spared to infuriate us. The infatuated States rush on their doom! They are striking at the hearts of their best and truest friends. Nowhere on the globe is there a people that love the Southern States so well as we at the North—*we*, whom they imagine, and call, and treat as their foes. True, our love for them is much

like that we have for a petted, spoiled child, with whose waywardness we are vexed, but from whom we expect better things.

We love the South! Were she assailed by foes from within or without, our blood would flow from her wounds.

We love the South! But we cannot, for that reason, become responsible for her *sins*, nor adopt them as our own, nor even consent to be silent respecting their existence and continuance.

We love the South! And because we love her, we will not suffer her, in this period of excitement and alarm, to swing away from us into the abyss of ruin. As we would cling to a maniac brother who sought his own destruction —aye! cling to him, though he raved, and cursed, and fought; so will we cling to the South, even against her will.

We love the South! And therefore we shall this day send up our prayers to high Heaven, that requisite firmness may be granted to our Chief Magistrate to hold her resolutely to her allegiance. And we rejoice to know that recent indications promise that such prayers may not go wholly unanswered.

We love the South! And on her behalf we shall this day pray that she may "loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke." Why should she tremble at the thought of emancipation?

Faithfully relying upon divine aid and protection, let her begin the important work! Were that work begun to-day, universal joy might cause the Negro population of America to forget, for a little time, their bodily wants, in the general jubilee. But on the morrow, the demands of nature would compel them to labor again. Hunger and the hope of gain are more powerful incentives to toil than the lash. The blacks are generally a good natured people, given more to dance and song than to war and bloodshed. But should they, led on by some fanatic, seek to escape from honest labor for suitable wages, by resorting to violence and pillage; should they rise in ungrateful conspiracy against their former masters, *here's an arm*, and there are millions more at the North, that would cheerfully wield a sword in defending Southern brethren from such a punishment for their generosity!

Oh! how joyful will that day be, in which it is announced that not a slave can be found upon American soil! That day will come. If it come, as it should, through the paths of righteousness, it will be a day of thanksgiving, for the liberated slave; a day of peaceful satisfaction, for his recent master; a day of rapture, for every patriotic heart. On that day of universal exultation, America shall put on her white apparel and her crown of glory. On that blessed day, the inspired prediction shall be fulfilled: "*Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily.*"

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